



The Warmth of Snow



👁 3 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Arte

Author's note: the text after // are the thoughts of the characters :) enjoy!

Himuro pulled his scarf over his nose as he tried to keep warm in the cold weather, waiting for a teammate. His teeth clattered and his whole body was trembling as he mumbled to himself "Baka... He's late that idiot... and today out of all days. It's freezin-" he was cut off by a large pair of arms being wrapped around him. He paused mid mumbling. The warm body behind him pulled him closer, engulfing Himuro into its warmth. "Ohayou Muro-chin" a soft tired voice whispered. His low voice gently brushed against Himuro's ear, making him gasp ever so softly. He turned around, only to be pulled into the man's chest. The warmth was beyond enough to melt the snow in which they were standing on. "Ne Muro-chin aren't you cold" the large figure looked down at him. "Of course I am Atsushi you idiot!" he pouted but then sighed. His adorable pout turned into a sweet tender smile.

Realising that he was still being hugged tightly by Murasakibara, Himuro blushed and turned his head to the side. Himuro closed his eyes for a second, taking in the scent of Murasakibara's cologne swirling around with the gentle breeze blowing through their hair. Opening his eyes again, Himuro blushes wildly and gently tries slide out of Murasakibara's arms "Um... Atsushi you're still holding me." But the man didn't move, instead he pulled Himuro even closer, gently resting his head on top of Himuro's as he mumbles "Just a bit more..."

//Muro-chin smells nice... I wonder what shampoo he uses... and he's so warm... I want to stay like this forever. I should probably let go though.

Murasakibara unravels his arms from the smaller male in front of him. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a snack and unwraps it. Himuro slips his hands into his coat pockets, feeling Murasakibara's warmth slowly disappear and get swept away with the frosty cold winter breeze. Letting out a small sigh, he looks up at Murasakibara "So Atsushi, why did you text me to meet out here?" Murasakibara norns on his snack as he looks up

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

at the sky, trying to remember why he called his teammate out to the basketball court in this freezing snowy weather. "Hmm... well... I was thinking we could do something" he shrugs "I was bored" Himuro chuckled, his breath fogging the air past his pale lips. Knowing Murasakibara's tendency to get bored easily, Himuro had a slightly irritated expression "Wait... so you called me all the way out here because you were bored...?" Sighing, he placed a hand on his forehead "Why didn't you just include that in your text?! I could've just come over to your place instead of waiting in this stupid weather" Murasakibara looks down at his teammate, puzzled "Didn't wanna... and anyway... Muro-chin can't come over to my place... it's... messy... yep that's why". Himuro sighs and tilts his head slightly in the direction of his place. "Fine, well we can hang out at my place instead if you want?" Murasakibara nods and follows Himuro as they head towards his place. The streets were bare, everyone was keeping warm within their own homes, it was definitely too cold to be wandering around outside. Murasakibara looked down and realized that Himuro's hands were shaking in his coat pockets. Being as gentle as a man of his size and masculinity can, Murasakibara gently slips his hand into Himuro's coat pocket, grabbing hold of the smaller male's hand. Delicately, he squeezes Himuro's hand in his warm big one. Jumping slightly from the ever so gentle touch from the towering giant "W-what are you doing..." Himuro blushes and softly tries to avoid eye contact as they continue walking. Noticing Himuro's effort in trying to not make eye contact, Murasakibara kept looking forwards as they walked along the white path of soft snow "Muro-chin looked cold". Feeling that Himuro wasn't resisting, Murasakibara, gently squeezed his hand once in a while. As they continued to join hands, a few thoughts ran through Himuro's head.

//His hand is so warm... gosh this is embarrassing walking down the street holding hands thank goodness no one is around to witness this... wait we're going to my place... did I leave anything weird out... nah... right...?

Murasakibara glanced down at Himuro, noticing that he had drifted away into his own thoughts. Pulling Himuro to a halt, Murasakibara yawned lazily "Looks like we're here. This is Muro-chin's place right?" Himuro snaps back to reality and quickly slips his hand out of Murasakibara's. Murasakibara watches, a tad amused as Himuro becomes flustered, trying to find his key.

Staring to panic, Himuro checks every pocket. Suddenly he feels a soft tap on his shoulder. No Muro-chin, is this what you're looking for? He looks up a key chain hanging from the key chain were 4 keys. He looks at Murasakibara who is holding the key chain in his hand as he hands them to him. "Ah, um, yes, that's the one." Himuro says, looking at the key chain.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

//How embarrassing to lose my keys like that, thank goodness he had them... wait... how did he get me keys...?

“Ahh... Atsushi... how did you get my keys?” Himuro asked carefully yet curiously as he lets them in. Once inside, Murasakibara points at Himuro’s coat pocket pointing out simply “Well they just happened to be in the same pocket that I slipped my hand into”. Himuro frowns slightly as he leads his teammate into his room “Baka you shouldn’t touch other people’s things without their permission or awareness.” Sighing and smiling a bit, Himuro headed for his bedroom door “I’ll be back with drinks and snacks, make yourself at home.” Murasakibara nods as he watches Himuro exit, closing the door behind him. Looking around the bedroom, he noticed trophies, sport jerseys, clothing, books, basketballs, and a bed which looked extra comfy. Deciding to do as Himuro says and make himself at home, the big male walks over and lays down on the soft fluffy bed, feeling a small bump against his back, he reaches under the sheets and pulls out what looked like a puppet. Staring at it wide-eyed, his cheeks flushed a soft rosy pink.

//I-It looks... just like me...?

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

See more of Story Wars

Write a comment...

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account